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THE TIDAL-WAVE AT NANTUCKET.

Under this heading, Rev. Dr. J. H. SUYDAM, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, of September 12th, dating at Nantucket, Mass., August 29th, 1883, describes, as follows, a grandly impressive spectacle, which was observed, no doubt, more or less widely, by many readers of the MAGAZINE. On the shores of Long Island Sound, we ourselves noted the extraordinary height of tide, which, for two or three successive days, was a part of its effects.

For ten days past the ocean at this point—Surf-side—has presented an extraordinary exhibition for the delight of the summer tourist. The reports indicate the same all along the coast facing south-ward. Old sailors say there must have been terrific storms,—cyclones,—in the lower latitudes, of which the present demonstrations are the results. Though deprived the privileges of the bath and the trawl for the bluefish, we have had ample compensation. The views have varied from the beautiful through the degrees of the grand and the sublime. Though the sea is one, yet, in aspect, it has assumed all the varieties of color, shape and conduct of a kaleidoscope. It was not even monotonous

in sound. If Charles Dickens with his keen observation and cunning pen, as shown in his description of an ocean storm among the final chapters of "David Copperfield," or Victor Hugo, with his poet pencil, by which he limned the pictures in his "Toilers of the Sea," had been here they might succeed in conveying to the minds of your readers what to us ordinary mortals must ever remain an unexpressed impression.

When the display first began the moon was in her last quarter. The temptation was not to be resisted to sit upon the bank until nearly midnight. The rising surf increased with the rising tide, and rolled in, billow following billow, slowly, majestically to the shore.

Rearing themselves in awful volume, they bowed their foam-crowned heads in graceful curves. Chambers filled with air burst into jets and fountains forty feet high, the spray spreading fan-like, or rising in clouds of mist, reflected the beams of the moon in golden glory; while the vast bulk of waters rushed forward, combining at once river, cascade, rapids, whirlpool, waterfall—Niagara at sea. It was power, fierce, almost fiendish, seeking to devour yet restrained. It was beauty with the madness of demons we admired, while the soul was filled with awe. It was the Furies in the robes of the Fairies.

Day after day this unusual surf continued, once subsiding long enough to permit the fishermen to venture on their calling, from which they returned without success, their dories with peril riding the breakers to the shore. It then assumed greater proportions, until its culmination at this date. The waves must have risen at least thirty feet, as shown, approximately, by the fact that a surveyor reported the height of the bluff from the point where the break occurred as twenty-six feet. By placing the eye on a level with the earth on the upland and observing the crest of the wave, it was a fair estimate, of from five to ten feet additional. Waves thirty feet high are indeed wonderful. It almost justifies the common exaggeration of the "mountain-high billows" written of in the books. A native of the island, seventy years of age, said he had never witnessed such a surf on these shores.

We were interested in watching the inroads made upon the bluffs, the rapid changes of the beach, and the general devastation. The

row of bath-houses on the sands furnished the first object of attack. They had been pronounced secure. A huge wave, as if scorning the opinion, came roaring forward and swept off the entire ocean side roof, breaking the rafters as if made of clay. The next took possession of the interior and with its dead weight broke out the extreme ends. Attempts were made with ropes to save what remained. While securing a portion, another huge wave completely submerged the man engaged, and had it not been for the rope fortunately in his hands, he must have been carried out to sea. He was hauled up, and the attempt to save the houses was but an indifferent success.

The stairs leading down to the beach, six steps already buried in the sand, were pronounced fixed beyond a question by the accepted oracle of the place. It was not two minutes afterward when a wave came and swept the whole structure into the ocean, and a whale-boat, which usually lay at anchor half a mile distant, broke her moorings and soon foundered. I started to mark its progress by the tide up the coast. Just as I reached the point opposite it was struck by the sea and, except the mast and oars, among the debris driven on the beach, there did not appear to be a piece of wood longer than my fore-arm. Unconsciously I found myself searching for the dead.

The breakers dashed against the bluff, making deep cavities, which caused the projecting earth to fall in huge clods. In three hours the destruction was greater than in the ten previous years. With the sand driven up by the waves and the mass of fallen earth, the height of the bluff was reduced from eighteen to seven feet.

The changing character of the sounds was remarkable. Not only was there the thundering boom at regular intervals, like the occasional explosion of a bomb from a Krupp gun, but the sound of the more rapid firing of the smaller field artillery, mingled with that of musketry all along the line, the last effect caused by the rattling of the stones driven to and fro on the shelving beach by the force of the waters. All taken together with the march of the waves in regular procession, and often in platoons, the mist rising like smoke, conveyed to the mind a not unreal picture of a terrible battle—a Water-loo. This fancy was aided by the sight in the far distance,—in the open sea,—where a high wave took on a crest, now resembling a huge volcano bursting from the waters and now a ship on fire, and this followed by another and another and still others, until there seemed a perfect picture of a naval contest, the vessels enveloped in their own smoke, and the gun-boom of bursting breakers telling of bloody slaughter.

The variety of colors seen from the bluff,—green, gray, brown, blue,—would have been at once

the delight and the despair of the painter. But all were merged in the tawny waters, so rendered by the soil stolen from the uplands, which in their fierceness seemed a veritable Lybian lion.

Ruskin has said that no one ever yet painted the curve of a snow-drift. And, pleased as I have been with the marine views of Mr. Richards, I never yet saw a real picture of the ocean, nor ever read an adequate description. I turn to the Bible and look over the 107th Psalm, and feel that the medium fails to exhibit the picture in the mind of the writer. I turn also to the 38th chapter of Job and read the appropriate words:—

Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth as if it had issued out of
the womb?

When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,
And brake up for it my decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come but no
further

And here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

And I wonder if David and Job ever witnessed the grandeur of the waters in the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea or the Mediterranean, as we have this week seen it in the Atlantic Ocean.

From The New York Evening Post.

SALEM REMINISCENCES.

A FAMOUS SEAPORT—RISE AND GROWTH OF A GREAT COMMERCE—
STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PROFIT—THE
MERCHANTS OF FORMER DAYS.

SALEM, Mass., September 1st, 1883.

Salem is still nautical in tone and tradition, although scores of years have passed since she lost her hold on the commerce of the East. Her municipal seal still has the motto, "To the farthest port

of the rich East"; old shipmasters who once carried her flag to the farthest seas still congregate in the municipal offices to recount their conquests, and in the sunny nooks of Derby Street one still

comes on little knots of grizzled tars, their humble allies in adventure. In my first stroll through the thoroughfare I met an aged negro hobbling along, as briny and tarry as though steeped for years in those concomitants of a seafaring life. To my query as to the name of the street he replied promptly, "Darby Street, sah; run along heah, fore and aft," indicating the water-front with his forefinger. This Derby Street is a marvellously suggestive thoroughfare to the dreamer. Visions of it at its best still haunt it. Ghostly shadows of stately East Indianmen, Canton tea-ships, and African treasure ships fall athwart it. Faint odors of the cassia, aloes, gums, and sandalwood of other days linger about it, and shadowy heaps of precious merchandise burden the wharves. The silent warehouses are again open, and porters busy within under the eye of precise clerks and supercargoes with pens over their ears and ink blotches on their long linen coats. In the counting-rooms the portly merchants greet buyers from all countries; the sail-makers are busy in their lofts; in long low buildings spinners with strands of hemp tread the rope-walk; the ship chandlers' shops are thronged; the street is filled with men of all nations.

The Early Growth of Salem.

But, dreaming aside, there is something phenomenal in the early growth of Salem's commerce. Her achievements were largely due to the genius of her own citizens, and they worked, it is well to note, with inherited tendencies. Salem was founded for a trading-post by a company of English merchants, whose agents selected it because of its commercial advantages.

They began a trade with it at once, several cargoes of "staves, sarsaparilla, sumach, fish, and beaver skins" being exported as early as 1630. By 1643, while Plymouth still remained a primitive hamlet, her merchants had a flourishing trade with the West Indies, Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands.

Previous to the Revolution the trade of Salem was chiefly with the colonies, the West Indies, and the principal European ports. The vessels had an established routine, loading at Salem with fish, lumber, and provisions, clearing for some port in the West Indies, and thence running through the islands until they found a satisfactory market. In return they loaded with sugar, molasses, cotton, and rum, or ran across to the Carolinas for rice and naval stores. From this traffic assorted cargoes were made up for the European ports, and wine, salt, and manufactured products brought back in return. Colonial commerce was very hazardous, assaults of pirates, buccaneers, and French privateers being added to the risks of the sea. It was profitable, however. A writer of 1664 speaks of Salem's "rich merchants" and of her solid, many gabled mansions.

The Revolution, of course, stopped all commerce; but with the return of peace in 1783 dawned the golden age of the port. In twenty-four years she had a fleet of 252 vessels in commission, and her merchants were in commercial relations with India, China, Batavia, the Isle of France, Mozambique, Russia, and all the nearer commercial countries.

A Typical Salem Merchant.

The credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American commerce is due

to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. This gentleman possessed a courage and enterprise that no obstacles could daunt, and determined to enter the rich field then monopolized by the English and Dutch East India Companies. Accordingly in 1784 he dispatched the ship *Grand Turk*, under Captain Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnaissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market. She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton, via Batavia. The ship was laden with native products,—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the Old World. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston, and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship *Astria* entered Canton two years later she found fifteen American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as a pioneer. This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark *Light Horse* in 1784 first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788 his ship *Atlantic* first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta, and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; a third was the first to open trade with Mocha.

In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

Expansion of Salem Commerce.

From this period until near the outbreak of the civil war, Salem had vast interests on the seas. A brief interval between 1807 and 1815 is to be noted, caused by the Embargo Act and war of 1812. The Canton trade, as we have seen, came first, quickly followed by India and East India ventures. By 1800 records of the customs show her ships trading with Manila, Mauritius, Surinam, the Gold Coast, Mocha, India, China, East and West Indies, Russia, the Mediterranean ports, France, England, Holland, Norway, Madeira, the South American ports, and the British provinces. The chief commodities from the East were cotton, tea, coffee, sugar, hides, spices, redwood and other dye-stuffs, gums, silks, and nankeens; from Russia and Germany iron, duck and hemp; from France, Spain, and Madeira, wine and lead; from the West Indies, sugar, spirits, and negroes. The exports comprised lumber, provisions, tobacco, silver dollars, and New England rum, the Gold Coast affording the best market for the latter.

Famous Ships, Skippers, and Voyages.

Several of the old merchants and captains who directed this vast commerce still linger in the port, and the tourist who is an intelligent listener finds them ready to entertain him by the hour with tales and reminiscences of those stirring days. Of famous ships, notable voyages, adventurers skippers, and mighty merchants these

reminiscences are full. The little ketch *Eliza*, for instance, left Salem December 22nd, 1794, ran out to Calcutta, unloaded, took in cargo, and sailed proudly into the home port October 8th, 1795, barely nine months absent. The *Active*, a sharp little brig, in 1812 brought a cargo of tea and cassia from Canton in 118 days. Her rival, the *Osprey*, beat her, making the same voyage in 117 days. The ship *China* left Salem for Canton May 24th, 1817, and arrived back, with a cargo of tea, silks, and nankeens, March 30th, 1818, barely ten months out. A famous vessel was the clipper ship *George*, of the Calcutta trade, built in 1814 for a privateer by an association of Salem ship-carpenters. The war ending before she was launched, Joseph Peabody, a leading Salem merchant of those days, added her to his India fleet. For twenty-three years this vessel made voyages between Salem and Calcutta with the regularity of a steamer. She left Salem for her first voyage May 23rd, 1815, and made the home port again June 13th, 1816, 109 days from Calcutta. She left Salem on her last voyage August 5th, 1836, and returned May 17th, 1837, 111 days from Calcutta, the eighteen voyages performed between the first and last dates varying little in duration from this standard. One item of her imports during this period was 755,000 pounds of indigo. The ship *Margaret*, in the Batavia trade, has an equally interesting history. She cleared for Sumatra November 19th, 1800, with twelve casks of Malaga wine, two hogsheads of bacon, and \$50,000 in specie, stood out to sea November 25th, arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, February 4th, 1801, reached Sumatra April 10th, and without

stopping to trade proceeded to Batavia. Here her captain, Samuel Derby, found the Dutch East India Company desirous of chartering a vessel to take their annual freights to and from Japan, and engaged his vessel and crew for the service. He left on June 20th, and arrived at Nagasaki July 19th, being met in the open roadstead with a command to fire salutes and dress his vessel in bunting before entering the port. On once getting ashore, however, the captain and his supercargo were very hospitably entertained by the merchants of the place. They were feasted, the lady of the house was introduced and drank tea with them, and they were shown the temples and public places of the city. The *Margaret* got away in November, and reached Batavia after a month's passage. Her voyage was noteworthy, because she was the second American vessel to enter a Japanese port, a Boston vessel, the *Franklin*, commanded by a Salem captain, being the first. The whole trade of the country at this time was in the hands of the Dutch, who, to retain it, submitted to the most vexatious restrictions and to many indignities. Fifty-three years later Commodore Perry's expedition opened Japan to the world.

Among skippers Capt. Jonathan Carnes figures most largely in their reminiscences. Eighty-five years ago he was in Bencoolin, Sumatra, and chanced to learn that pepper grew wild in the northwestern part of the island. He hastened home, and shared his secret with a wealthy merchant, Mr. Jonathan Peele, who at once ordered a sharp, trim schooner of 130 tons on the stocks. She was finished early in 1795, fitted with four guns, and a cargo of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco

and salmon. Captain Carnes with his ten seamen then went on board and stood away for Sumatra, having given out that his destination was Calcutta, and clearing for that port. Eighteen months passed away, and still Merchant Peele heard no tidings. At length one June day in 1797 his schooner came gliding into port, the shipmasters and merchants crowding about her as she was moored to see what she had brought home, her long disappearance and her owner's reticence having caused no little speculation in the port. By and by the hatches were opened, and there the cargo was found to be pepper in bulk, the first ever imported in that way. But as no known port delivered the article in that state, the rumor went round that the *Rajah* had discovered a pepper island where the condiment could be had for the asking, and in twenty-four hours half a score of shipping firms were fitting out swift cruisers to go in search of it. Ere they were out, Captain Carnes had sold his cargo at an advance of 700 per cent., and was away for another voyage, bringing off several ship-loads before his secret was discovered.

Mr. Derby and His Successors.

Elias H. Derby, the pioneer, was the chief of Salem merchants. Between 1785 and 1799 he fitted out 125 voyages in thirty-seven different vessels, most of them to unknown ports. His last voyage was in some respects his most brilliant one. Hostilities between France and the United States had just begun when he equipped a stanch vessel, the *Mount Vernon*, with twenty guns and fifty men, loaded her with sugar, and sent her to the Mediterranean. The cargo cost \$43,275. The vessel was attacked

by the French cruisers on her voyage, but beat them off, made her port, exchanged her sugar for a cargo of silks and wines, and returned to Salem in safety, realizing her owners a net profit of \$100,000. Mr. Derby died in 1799, before his venture became a certainty, leaving an estate of more than a million dollars, said to have been the largest fortune that had been accumulated in this country up to that date.

William Gray, Joseph Peabody, John Bertram, William Orne, and George Crowninshield were worthy successors of Mr. Derby. Mr. Gray was a native of Lynn, and received his business training in the counting-room of Richard Derby. In 1807 he owned one-fourth the tonnage of the port. Salem's chief hotel, the Essex House, was his former mansion. Political difficulties led to his removal to Boston in 1809. The next year he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and again in 1811. He died at Boston in 1825, having been as prosperous in commercial affairs there as in Salem.

Joseph Peabody was one of several merchants of Salem who passed from the quarter deck to the counting-room. After serving on board a privateer he became a captain in the merchant marine of Salem, and as soon as he accumulated a little capital engaged actively in commerce. During his mercantile career he built eighty-three ships, which he employed in all cases in his own trade. These vessels made thirty-two voyages to Sumatra, thirty-eight to Calcutta, seventeen to Canton, forty-seven to St. Petersburg, and thirty to various other ports of Europe. He shipped seven thousand seamen at various times to man this fleet, and thirty-five of those who enter-

ed his service as cabin-boys he advanced to be masters. Some of his vessels in the China trade made remarkable voyages. The little brig *Leander*, for instance, of only 223 tons' burden, brought in a cargo from Canton in 1826 which paid duties to the amount of \$92,392 34. His ship *Sumatra*, 287 tons, brought a cargo in 1829 that paid \$128,363 13; in 1830, one that paid \$138,480 34; and in 1831, a third requiring \$140,761-96. Mr. Peabody outlived most

of the pioneer merchants of Salem, dying in 1874.

In 1870 the foreign entries of Salem had dwindled to ten, and in 1878 had entirely ceased, Boston, with her greater facilities for handling and distributing, having absorbed the business of her whilom rival. To-day the old port is almost deserted of shipping: even the fishing craft furl their sails at Gloucester. It is rarely that a dray rumbles over Derby Street.
C. B. T.

TALES OF THE SEA.

"Talk about the drink, sir, why we sailors could tell ye stories that would make your hair curl; couldn't we, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, right you are, mate."

"Why, bless your heart alive, tain't no use for chaps to say to us, 'the drink ain't so black as folks paint it,' we know better nor that. 'Tis a curse, that's what it is. And it's as bad on sea as on land; ain't it, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, right you are again, mate."

"Why, 'twas only t'other day Bob and another chap and me was a-cruising about for a job, when what should come bobbing along but a black bottle, all corked and sealed. In course we makes for that bottle, and we nails it, sir, for we knowed well enough that bottle warn't corked and sealed for nothing. And when we'd opened it, we just found what we'd expected to find, a message from some chaps in distress. 'We're sinking! The chaps is drinking. All's up. These spirits has done it all.'"

"These was the exact words, sir. And besides, of course, there was the name of the vessel and the port she hailed from.

"Well, we very soon let the owners know how the case stood with their fine ship. We sent 'em the message itself. Arter six months or so we heard tell that that vessel had really gone down and all hands with her; didn't we, Bob?"

"Right you are again; no mistake about that, mate."

"You want to know if this sort o' thing often happens? Why, sir, werry much oftener than some folks suppose. The brandy-keg has done for a good many more than one fine vessel, to my knowledge. Rocks, an' winds, an' breakers is bad enough, but aggerawated with the spirits, they're a thousand times worsen."

"There's the

Mary Ann,

Werry nearly new she was. Hadn't gone more than two voyages when she dragged her anchor off that point there. And what d'ye think the crew wor a-doing? Why, they was a-carousin' down below, and they was that boozey when they came on deck, that blest if they didn't steer her right upon a sand-bank. Well, as everybody

about here knows, a craft on that there sand-bank 'll never more get off again. But that wasn't the worst, for when the lifeboat got alongside, or leastways as near as she could get, blest if them chaps could jump straight, and only one was saved out of the lot, and he only by a chance. That was one fine vessel as was wrecked by a brandy-keg.

"Then about a year or so arter, the

Queen Isabella

was druv by the wind upon the shore just under that there cliff. Well, you know, sir, we allers reckons to save life when a vessel gets anywhere thereabouts, for our rocket apparatus 'll do any amount o' that sort of work. Well, sir, we'd got everything in order, and fixed our line, and hit her splendid. We did set up a cheer when we saw as how we'd fired so straight the first time. But it warn't no good arter all, sir. It wor all work throw'd away, and every blessed soul among 'em was drowned. For why? They was too drunk to know what they was about, and instead of hauling in the line, and makin' fast the connection, and all that, blest if they didn't go on drinkin' and boozin' and let the line alone.

"One chap seemed a bit more alive than the others, and tried to put things straight, but he was that unsteady on his legs that afore he'd got very far up the rigging a wave come and washed him off into the sea.

"How could a poor half-drunk chap climb up the rigging with that sea on? Do you know, sir, one of them chaps was washed ashore that night with a half-emptied bottle of Hollands in his hand! I heerd more'n one chap

that day say as they'd never touch the drink no more. They'd got a sickenin' of it.

"Then there was that grand barque,

The Cupid,

which went down in the Bay of Biscay about four year ago. It was the sperrit as did that too, for there warn't no manner o' reason why she should have gone down. She sprung a leak, sir. But if the men had only buckled to, and put their backs into it, they'd have brought her into port safe enough. But they got rebellious over the pumps, and would't work; and, led on by one little soaker, called Bob Twisler, broke into the cap'en's cabin and emptied his spirit store.

"The cap'en belonged to this place, an' he told me arter as it wor an awful sight to see the whole crew, except the teetotal mate and himself, lying dead drunk about the deck. Of course there was an end of all pumping. The two sober men did the best they could, but the water gained on 'em faster than they could pump it out.

"Well, the end of it was that not long after the ship heeled over and sunk. The captain and mate had just time, and that was all, to jump into the boat and push off. They tried to save the others, but they couldn't. They wor too drunk. That cap'en 'll never take spirits aboard now. He's seen the mischief of 'em, he says. He don't want to lose another vessel through the drink.

"More'n one ship as I knows has gone down through the cap'en being a bit too fond o' grog; the

Betsy Jane,

for instance. Perhaps you've heerd tell of that, sir, how the

cap'en, being a bit elevated, put on too much sail in a storm, and wouldn't have 'em took down nother, though the men tried to show him the danger of it. The drunken fool! Well, he deserved to lose his drunkard's life.

"But bless you, sir, I could go on till midnight a-telling you stories o' wrecks, and all that. But this 'll do for now."—*Naval Brigade News, Devonport, Eng.*

MARITIME LAW.

EVERY VESSEL ON THE HIGH SEAS A PART OF THE TERRITORY TO WHICH SHE BELONGS.

A recently-reported decision of the Supreme Court at Washington gives an extension to the operation of the laws of a State over vessels owned by her citizens, but sailing on the high seas, which will become interesting and important in many respects. The particular case arose under the New York Pilot laws, which, as our readers know, authorize a pilot to board an incoming ocean vessel and tender his services; and to recover a certain compensation even though his services are declined, and the shipmaster brings the ship in himself. Several other States with ocean harbors have similar laws. The general understanding in the subordinate courts has been that laws of this kind "have no extra-territorial operation"; and that they can only be deemed obligatory within a certain limited distance from the shore, such as may be deemed within the jurisdiction of the State. There have been several discussions as to what this distance ought to be, but no definite rule has been established. The decision of the Supreme Court is that any discussion as to limits of distance is unimportant; that a State law of this kind travels with the vessel and operates wherever a pilot from the State meets her, even though it should be,—as in

this instance it was,—fifty miles out at sea. A vessel at sea is considered as a part of the territory to which she belongs when at home. She carries with her the rights and jurisdiction of her locality. On the high seas a New York pilot has the same right to demand employment from a New York vessel, and the same legal consequences follow a refusal, as if pilot boat and vessel were within the harbor. The jurisdiction of a local sovereign over a vessel and those belonging to her is, according to the law of nations, the same in the home port and upon the high seas. Under our Constitution the like jurisdiction of a State is simply subject to the commercial laws of Congress and the laws declaring crimes upon the high seas.

The decision goes far to decide a recent controversy of much greater interest to the general public than are pilotage questions; viz., the right to recover damages where a passenger on board a ship at sea, is hurt or killed by negligence or fault of the master or mariners. Until the legislatures interfered, the courts used to hold that if a passenger injured by negligence of the carrier's servants died of his injuries, there was no redress to be had for his family;

for the man's lawsuit, so the courts considered, died when he did. This view was not satisfactory to the traveling public, and in modern times Parliament passed a law,—commonly called, from its authorship, Lord Campbell's Act,—saving alive an injured person's right of action, notwithstanding his death, for the benefit of his widow, children, etc. Many of our States have passed similar laws. But it has always been understood that any rights of this description were dependent on some express statute, and could not be carried any further than the statute expressly authorized. For example: California has one of these laws. A Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong took passage upon the steamer *Eastport*, owned in California, for San Francisco. On the voyage the vessel struck a rock, and the crew and passengers took to the boats. These were so carelessly managed that the lady was drowned. The husband then brought suit for damages, in the United States Circuit Court, but invoking the California law. But the Judge said that that law could not operate out of California; if it could then other States and countries could pass laws on the same subject, likewise operating everywhere, and there would soon be conflict and confusion without remedy. The idea seems not to have occurred to him that the law might be considered as operating on board a California vessel, where no other law could have the same claim to come, and thus all confusion might be avoided. This idea did suggest itself to the New York Court of Appeals, in a case decided in the same year (1879) with the California case. Apparently the Judges had not, in either

decision, heard of the other one. In the New York case, a steamer set sail from New York City for Galveston, Texas, carrying, contrary to law, a great quantity of petroleum. While at sea a fire broke out; it reached the petroleum, which made such a conflagration that one man on board, at least, was burned to death. The Court of Appeals said that his widow could recover damages under the New York law on the subject; for although that law could not run into other States, and would not have aided her suit if her husband's death had occurred in Texas, for instance, where there was, or might be, a law on the subject, yet it did accompany a New York ship on her voyage through public waters over which no municipal laws exist. Every vessel is, while on the high seas, constructively a part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs; and its laws are operative on board of her. In the case of an American ship, whatever takes place on board during the voyage is governed, if the subject is within the United States authority, by Federal law; if it is within State authority, then by the law of the State from which the vessel hails.

It is obvious that the Supreme Court decision in the pilotage case sustains the New York and overthrows the California view. It, in effect, establishes the liability of shipowners to pay damages for the death of a person caused on the high seas, by any act or neglect of the master or crew which would expose the owners to a lawsuit if the disaster had occurred within the State to which the ship belonged, a point, as is plain, of great importance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

From The Boston, Mass., Congregationalist.

HOW A SERMON WENT ROUND THE GLOBE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

A striking example of the truth that circumstances count for more than men, and that no man can tell what results may flow from an action undertaken without much thought, is found in the story of a sermon that went around the globe, visited many lands, and won for itself a place in religious literature. If the author of *Nothing But Leaves* had dreamed of the singular good fortune awaiting his little work, he would have brought to its preparation deep solicitude and much painstaking. Perhaps his sermon would have been spoiled in the filing and polishing that he would have put upon it. So, after all, it would not have been the famous little work that it is.

The Rev. E. S. Atwood of Salem, Mass., was returning from Europe to the United States, in 1867, on board the steamer *William Penn*. He was invited to preach to the ship's company, on Sunday, June 19th. In his slender stock of sermons, Mr. Atwood had a discourse founded on the parable of the barren fig-tree, as narrated in Matthew xxi. This he selected, not for its special fitness to the occasion, nor for any special merit which it had in his eyes, but because it seemed less likely to excite comment among the somewhat heterogeneous company on board ship. The sermon had been preached but once as an exchange, and it was almost by accident or providence in the preacher's luggage.

No matter: the sermon made a good impression on those who heard it. Moreover, it was then started on its travels in a way

which, if we may compare small things with great, reminds one of the figure of Wycliffe's name being spread abroad "wide as the waters be." Among the passengers who listened to the preacher's wise and telling admonitions concerning the barrenness of some lives, and the deceitful promise shown in the unfruitful leafiness of others, was Mr. Stephen Massett, the well-known public reader, who had read the collect for the day. Mr. Massett begged the privilege of copying the sermon for his own edification and satisfaction; and to this Mr. Atwood consented, in some surprise. He could not exactly understand why anybody should want to read or hear the discourse a second time.

Mr. Massett was bound westward on a voyage around the world, and he soon after reached San Francisco, where I was then conducting a daily newspaper. After renewing an old acquaintance, and promising to send from Asia any stray items of news that might have escaped our regular correspondents, he sailed from San Francisco for Yokohama, Japan, on the steamship *China*, this being her first trip. This was in October, 1867, and Mr. Atwood's sermon had begun its travels; for, being invited to read something to take the place of a "regular discourse" on ship board, one Sunday in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, Mr. Massett produced from his budget the leaves of Mr. Atwood's sermon, preached on board the *William Penn*, on the Atlantic, during the previous June. It so happened that the editor of the Hong Kong *Daily Mail* was on

the ship, and, hearing the sermon and being attracted by its manly vigor and scholarly structure, he asked for a copy of it for his own perusal. After reading it, he begged the consent of Mr. Massett for its publication in his journal. Accordingly, when the two travelers arrived in Hong Kong, the sermon was printed in the *Daily Mail*, with a brief note giving its adventures up to that date. In course of time, the copy of the paper containing the sermon arrived in San Francisco, and came under my eye. Struck with the unusualness, so to speak, of the incident, I wrote a little paragraph for my own paper, giving the facts in the history of the sermon up to that time. This went eastward as fast as steam and wheels could carry it. And, in a few weeks afterwards, I saw my paragraph copied in a Chicago paper, and then in a Boston paper. The sermon had gone half way around the globe, and had returned to its point of departure.

But the stream of newspapers sets westward as well as eastward. The Hong Kong *Mail* was traveling to Europe, by the way of the Red Sea, Suez, and the Mediterranean, while its sheets were drifting from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. In this way, the sermon reached Scotland, was copied into the *Scotsman*, and from thence its condensed history, shortly followed by the sermon itself, was carried across the Atlantic, and reached the United States. Having rested its wings on its native shore, the much-traveled sermon was taken up by the American Tract Society, and printed as one of its leaflets—a copy of which, with the title *Nothing But Leaves*, lies before me as I write.

The unpretentious sermon,

preached with some mental dubitation in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, had gone on its rejoicing way, from continent to continent, from clime to clime, crossing oceans and seas, giving a cheery word and an admonitory injunction to many thousands of widely scattered hearers and readers. How much good it had done, how many higher aims and aspirations it had aroused and kindled, none but He who holds the waters in His hand can tell. A word let fall in season, but without any inkling of its results, had belted the globe, carrying, let us believe, gracious influences in its world-embracing mission.

But the travels of this fortunate child of thought were not yet ended. During the latter part of 1881, the far-wandering Massett was returning from Cape Town, Africa, to England, on the steamer *Warwick Castle*, Sir Garnet Wolseley and staff being on board as passengers, just after the close of the Zulu war. The usual service of reading prayers by an officer of the ship was performed, and Mr. Massett produced his old traveling companion, *Nothing But Leaves*, now dignified with the honors of a printed page, and delivered its truths and illustrations to the company. Incidentally, the story of the sermon's adventures was told, and the great English warrior asked for a copy of the work. Mr. Massett promised to send it, and in due time redeemed his word. And so it came to pass that, one morning, in the spring of 1882, years after I had taken up my abode in New York, as I was sauntering down Broadway, I saw in the window of one of the shops an autograph letter from Sir Garnet Wolseley to Mr. Stephen Massett, dated Feb. 20th,

1882, acknowledging the receipt of *Nothing But Leaves*, and thanking the sender for the pleasure it had given him and his friends. Here was an old friend. From the *China Mail*, in 1867, to Sir Garnet Wolseley and 1882 was a long step indeed. For all that we can tell, that discourse, preached in the midst of the Atlantic, with a due sense of feebleness, and

caught up by the winds and waves of many seas and lands, may yet be pursuing its unobtrusive way around the globe, teaching anew the force and beauty of the words of the wise man:—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

From the N. Y. Illustrated Christian Weekly.

A CONVERTED COREAN NOBLEMAN.

BY REV. H. LOOMIS.

I have seen many remarkable events in the history of missions here in Japan, but I know of nothing which surpasses in interest the following facts.

Three years ago an Embassy from Corea visited Japan. During their stay in this country three of the number called upon a Mr. Tsuda to obtain information concerning agriculture and political economy. Mr. Tsuda was a Christian, and told them about Christianity. They were pleased to hear that the teachings of Christ were not bad, as they had supposed, for they had given their oath that they would not take back the Scriptures to Corea. But on their return they told a nobleman named "Isuchan" (in Japanese Rijutei), what they had heard and seen.

This nobleman was a personal friend of the King of Corea, and during the revolt in July last, saved the life of the Queen and kept her concealed in the interior until the overthrow of the usurper Tai-un-kun. The King was much pleased with the conduct of Rijutei, and offered him any reward that he might choose. Rijutei declined the proffered honors, and asked instead that he might go to

Japan and study the progress and civilization of that country. His request was granted, and he reached here about ten months ago.

He at once found Mr. Tsuda, and began the study of the Scriptures. As a Chinese scholar he was equal to the best in Japan, and thus the Word of God was open to him at once. By the use of Chinese characters he could also converse with the educated Japanese.

Not long after this he had a very remarkable dream, in which two men appeared bearing between them a basket of books. He asked what these books were, and was told they were the most valuable of all books for Corea. He then said, "What are they called?" The reply was, "These are Bibles."

This singular dream seemed to him a revelation from heaven, and he prosecuted his studies with greater diligence and zeal. He soon became an earnest Christian, and was baptized on the 28th of April, by Rev. Mr. Yasukawa, a pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Tokio.

Although he has been in this country but a short time, he speaks the language quite fluently, and

has preached on two occasions with great acceptance. His deep piety and great earnestness impress all who have met him. When one of his Corean friends asked him what it was in the Bible which interested him so much, he replied, "It is all interesting." His friend then added, "Can you tell me what it is that makes you so full of joy? You were never so before." "I cannot describe this peace," said he, "as it is only known to those who believe."

For a Corean to become a Christian is at the peril of his life. Only eighteen years ago an uncle of Rijutei was put to death in the most cruel manner because he became a Catholic, and his property was all confiscated. He says if he should return now his life would be in danger every hour. He has given up the study of everything else but the Word of God. He is also teaching his countrymen, and says that many of them already accept the truth of Christianity. A friend of his who is the teacher of Corean language in the Tokio University has already applied for baptism, and is willing to die, if need be, for the name of Christ.

Rijutei is now engaged in preparing a China-Corean version of the Scriptures. He has completed the Gospels and the Book of Acts,

and is now at work upon the Epistle to the Romans. When this work is completed, he proposes to translate the whole into the Corean language. The American Bible Society is assisting him in the work, and it is expected will publish his version at once.

An officer of the Japanese Government recently called upon him and stated that an official newspaper was about to be started in Tokio, and they wished to secure his services to edit the Corean department. He replied, "I am otherwise employed, and cannot do as you wish." The officer then insisted that he should give the matter further consideration, as it would be greatly to his and their advantage. He then said very positively, "I am engaged in more important work, and no inducement which you can offer is sufficient to turn me away."

This man pleads most earnestly for American missionaries and teachers. He says now is the time to move. As the country opens, the Catholics will rush in and deceive the people by mere outward forms which are of no real benefit. Great changes are going on, and the way will soon be open for the free spread of the gospel. Here is a Macedonian cry that is not a vision, but a reality.

From the Naval Brigade News, Devonport, Eng.

THE SAILORS' REST, MADEIRA.

Funchal, Madeira, is so well known to man-of-war's men and merchant seamen that no apology is necessary for directing attention to that beautiful place with the object of interesting readers in the progress of an institution lately established there, from the use of which many have derived benefit already, and, in God's providence,

it is hoped that many others will do so in the future.

Lovely as Madeira is to the eye, there are numerous haunts of vice and low drinking-houses in the town of Funchal, and guides of depraved character ever on the watch for visitors directly they land, to lead the easily-tempted to the worst parts of the locality.

To counteract the work of those guides (who, in their ignorance of better things, probably never give thought to the part they take in pointing their fellow-men to spiritual if not temporal ruin), a grand step has been taken in the inauguration of a *Strangers' and Sailors' Rest*, situated in the public walk near the cathedral, easily accessible from the beach, and intended as a resort for blue-jackets and marines from men-of-war, for second and third-class emigrants (to and from the South African Colonies), who pass through frequently, and for ship-wrecked sailors. Of this last class 148 were landed during 1882, and they had the use of the *Rest*, instead of being lodged in the wine-shops as was formerly the case.

When men-of-war arrive, in addition to the continual occupation of the *Rest* at will, (which includes refreshment bar for non-intoxicating drinks, eating and reading rooms, and beds), temperance teas are held, with mutual pleasure to the kind ladies and gentlemen who superintend, and to the guests. Some little time ago the liberty men of one ship were expected; tea was ready to be poured out, and a warm welcome awaited the visitors, but, owing to some misunderstanding, they failed to appear. A few special leave men, who happened to be already in the *Rest*, were asked to go forth into the streets to invite any wanderers they might meet by chance to the repast. They did so, and met a party of emigrants. These readily accepted, and enjoyed themselves greatly. Picture their satisfaction upon finding a meal ready for them, and the happy memories of Madeira and its *Rest*, which they have carried to their distant homes.

The steadiness and sobriety of the liberty men during the last visit of the Channel Squadron attracted the special approbation of some of the residents, whose experience has only too often,—for the credit of the service,—led them to notice very much the reverse. The *Rest* was in full swing and much used, and, at one tea, 145 men attended. Is it not fair to connect those facts, and to submit that the protecting hospitality of the establishment largely contributed to the exemplary behavior of such large bodies of men?

It is intended to have 30 beds, and each one fully provided and set up costs £3 10s.; already just one dozen of these have been presented by ladies and gentlemen who have at heart the prosperity of the undertaking, and the name of the givers are placed over the beds. As yet *no ship's name is to be seen*.

The cost mentioned is not a large amount to raise; will any of those who wish well to the Madeira *Rest* club together and give a bed in the name of their ship, or, in any way, give the building a helping hand? £200 was the sum originally required to complete the establishment; of this only £53 had been received to the end of 1882. The annual working expenses are calculated at £40.

W. G. Smart, Esq., 73, Rua das Pretas, Funchal, Madeira, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, originated the *Rest*, and quickly found means to start the rooms upon his own account, but it is much to be hoped that he will not be left unsupported by the Royal Navy and Merchant Service in an undertaking which has chiefly at heart the welfare of our sailors.

A.M., H. M. S.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

My days are stairs that lead to life's great end,
And one by one I steadily ascend;
Climbing, with purpose true, the upward road,
That brings me to the city of my God.

Sometimes the step is bright with the full sun
That shines in cloudless radiance thereon;
Sometimes a shadow falls upon the way,
But, dark or light, I need not go astray.

One stair is rough with thorn-points all bestrown,
But shoes of iron tread the nettles down;
And one so steep my weary, crippled feet,
The painful ascent scarcely can complete.

Sometimes it is a slippery step I tread,
And fierce temptations make my soul afraid;
But held in Christ's dear hands, so tender, strong,
The next I mount with courage and a song.

Each step in the long course a history has;
I make a mark as one by one I pass—
A gladsome record here, a tear-spot there,
A rescued soul, a struggle or a prayer.

And on life's mystic ladder to the skies
Bright angels come and go to Paradise;
And work grows dearer as the end draws near,
Until I reach at last the golden stair,

And enter through the open pearly gate
Where, with our King, souls watch for me and wait;
There at His feet I'll cast my trophies down,
And shout the victory which His love has won.

ABOUT A LITTLE CHILD.

BY REV. H. D. GANSE.

The best proof of a life to come has been supplied to us in the facts and words of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But there are many natural facts which point, at least, in the same direction; and of these none are more interesting than those signs often given by persons near to death of their perception of things which others cannot see. Sometimes this perception seems

to be made, in some way, through the channels of sense, the attentive ear or the gazing eye appearing to receive sounds and sights that outdo all earthly melody and beauty. I am not unaware of the physiological account that is given of these experiences, but the true interest of the phenomenon lies not chiefly in the sensuous impressions of which the dying man is con-

scious, but in his natural and confident conviction that they are the portents of another life.

More than this, those portents are not always of a sensuous form ; and, still further, this purely mental anticipation, as well as the sensuous impression, sometimes takes possession of children too young to be anything but natural. The well-attested experiences of little children, to whom, when on the verge of this life, appears to come a dawning of heaven, are among the most beautiful things known on earth,—too beautiful, I believe, to have their origin and explanation in the material facts that belong to death.

A history in illustration of all this has recently occurred, which I have asked the privilege of making known.

In the summer of 1881 my family spent a few weeks at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin. In the house at which our meals were taken, were staying Capt. Robt. B. Wade, of St. Louis, and his family. Since Mrs. Wade, though a member of another communion, was daughter of a member of my own church, a very friendly acquaintance was naturally formed ; and, upon my own part, especially with the baby, at that time about a year old. He was of beautiful, fair complexion and hair, with large blue eyes and ample forehead—a grave, manly, reasonable-looking baby, with as sweet an expression as I ever saw. I took to him at once and he allowed it, and I was seldom with him without having him a little while in my arms. After returning to St. Louis, since he was not in my congregation, I saw but little of him ; but I never went through his neighborhood without scanning the baby carriages in hope of again meeting his sweet

face. Once I was rewarded, about a year ago, and found him the picture of health and beauty. Having learned very lately that Capt. Wade's family had been very sick and that a child had died, I called upon the relatives in my own congregation to be informed of the facts, and was told, to my great sorrow, that the lost child was my little friend. But the narrative then given of the circumstances preceding and attending his death, while it greatly affected me, more than relieved my grief ; for even the child's death seemed to be "swallowed up in victory."

The reader will remember that at the time of his death he was but three years and nine months old. Some weeks before, and while his health was still perfect, his attention had been attracted to Phœbe Cary's well-known hymn, in the form in which it has been set to music and is commonly sung :—

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea," etc.

These were singular words to fascinate such a child ; but they did. Every night, after his prayer was said, and his mother had tucked him up in his bed and kissed him "good night," he would call out to his father with his clear ringing voice, "Nearer to home, papa ;" when his papa would be required to come from another floor and sing him the whole song. The singing, however, was subject to such interruptions as these : "What's 'great white throne,' papa ?" "What's 'crystal sea,' papa ?" Whether or not he thus came to understand the words and to have interest in their meaning,

will appear by what follows. Certainly he had mind and character enough for understanding them.

One night, after his fatal sickness had been for several days upon him, his mother, exhausted by watching, had thrown herself down across the foot of his bed, committing him for the time to a competent nurse who had been a few days with him. When the nurse attempted, at the proper hour, to give him his medicine, he called out like any baby, "Mamma, give it to baby!" His mother rising at once to meet his wish, the nurse explained, by saying, "Baby, mamma so tired." Immediately he answered, "Baby take it from the lady," and he did so regularly for the rest of the night; during the whole of which he made no call for his mother again, though he lay for a good part of it wide awake looking at her.

. . . With the same kind of thoughtfulness, when once informed why he should not, in his sickness, kiss his parents upon their lips, he steadily said thereafter, "Baby kiss you on the neck."

Such incidents will help us to judge how much intelligence there was in the sayings and acts that remain to be described. Let it be observed that he was as far as possible from fretfulness or complaining. When asked, "How does baby feel?" his common answer was "Better," or "Pretty-better." Still his knowledge that he had done with this life, and was to have another, was perfectly distinct. Early in his sickness, as his mother came to touch his throat, he turned sadly toward her and said, "Don't touch baby's throat any more, mamma; baby's going to die." Later on, when the truth of his prophecy grew more

apparent, his mother asked him, "Don't baby want to stay with papa and mamma?" He nodded his head. "Then pray to God to let you stay." He answered very faintly, "You pray to God." "O darling!" she said, "I have prayed so, many, many times." His answer was very striking: "Baby tired of praying to God." Was it not a baby's way of saying, "I have prayed and I am willing to pray; but I have no strength, and it is of no use"?

On the morning of the day on which he died, his voice had grown very weak. He was seen to be trying to speak. His mother bending close to him, heard him say, "Baby going to home." Scarcely believing what she heard, she asked him, "Where, my darling? where are you going?" and he answered, "Baby going to God." When his death was manifestly very near, his mother had spoken in a guarded undertone about removing a little ring which he wore, that it might be a keepsake of him. It was not thought that he could notice the remark or even hear it. But a little afterward he was seen to be feebly working with his ring, which at no other time had he ever removed. His mother offered her help; but he withdrew his hands. At last, with some other assistance, he succeeded, and had the ring in his hand, when his mother offered to receive it. But he answered, "No, baby want papa." His father was called from the adjoining room, and the child put the ring into his hand, and said, with difficulty, "Keep this ring for baby."

It is in the light of this recital that we are to interpret the closing scene which very speedily followed. Four persons were watching for the final breath, and thought it

had come and gone, when his face, which had lost every sign of intelligence, flashed with animation; his closed eyes opened wide with a gaze of keenest interest, while a smile of surprise and pleasure spread over his features. "He sees something," was the instinctive outcry of one of the attendants, who was as far as possible from believing in things spiritual and divine. They all had the same feeling. If the face without the tongue can ever make such a fact certain, that dying child "saw something." Why not? If human nature, even in a child, can feel attracted to another "home" and to God, who is entitled to say how much or how little of that home or of God that attracted nature may be allowed to see, even before this life quite ends? What does unbelief know about it, except that *it* has not seen? Isaiah and Stephen and Paul and many

more *have* seen. And there seems to be good reason why God, when he takes even a little child away from the tender love that has wished to foster it, should suffer its departure to give signs not only of its safe going, but of a safe way and a safe home which invite the rest.

Yet let us not forget what was said at the beginning;—the best proof of a life to come and the only sure directory to it are found in the facts and words, in the redemption and grace of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; in whose religion things as great as God and Calvary and life eternal, and as common as home and the crib of a dying baby, all belong together; and the great things put their meaning and glory into the common ones. Happy are they whose precious dead always make them think thankfully of Christ!—*St. Louis Evangelist.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

Dating August 29th, 1883, Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, sailor-missionary, who has been absent from his post for some months, in the effort to reëstablish his shattered health, reports his return, and his expectation of taking up full work again, for seamen, during the present fall. His stay has been at Sandefjord, where the use of the bath and medical treatment in connection have greatly helped him. At S. he met with masters and owners of ships, and laid "the cause of God on their hearts." "A noble lady from Stockholm, Sweden," and others, coöperated with him, there, in Christian service.

Italy.

GENOA.

The following excerpts from the journal of Mr. J. C. JONES, colporteur of the Harbor Mission, exhibit his work in such variety and fulness that we feel certain they will interest the readers of the MAGAZINE. They are taken, indiscriminately, from the Tenth Annual Report of the Mission.

"*Monday.*—Went out in the evening with a parcel of tracts, for the crew of the Anchor Liner *India*, called on board several steamers, was surprised to find eighteen men of the *Aleppo* standing dressed on the deck waiting for me to take them to the Reading Room. Though

I don't as a rule convey men to the Reading Room, I could not disappoint them, so hiring a boat to supplement my small one, off we went, and I was well repaid, for a happier evening I have rarely seen men spend. They did not wish either to read or write, so out we got the hymn-books and sang hymn after hymn, then we got the Bible and read a chapter, after which we closed with prayer.

"*Wednesday*.—Found a new captain on board the Anchor Liner *Castalia*. He was very kind, having heard of the work here. Eleven men at the Reading Room in the evening; one fireman, evidently an Irishman, said,—'Well this is about the comfortablest place I was ever in, who will say now that 'ould' sailors are not thought of!'

"*Sunday*.—Held service on board the U. S. Frigate *Saratoga*, where with boys, men and officers, we mustered 180. The harmonium, the gift of a lady of Philadelphia, was beautifully played by one of the boys who also chose the hymns which were exquisitely sung. I spoke from 'The poor have the Gospel preached to them.' The captain evidently enjoyed it, and his brother, an army captain, had afterwards many questions to ask me about my work. I told the lieutenant, who generally acts as chaplain, about Lieut. Wadham's work on board the *Nip-sic*; at his request visited the sick on board, then stayed to breakfast with him.

"*Saturday*.—Had a long conversation to-night in the Reading-Room with the only visitor, a young engineer brought up by Christian parents. He, like a great many others of his class, sees nothing but sin in its worst form at sea, I endeavored to show him that if in Christ he is safe even amidst all the evil. I believe this quiet talk will be productive of good to the poor fellow.

"*Tuesday*.—At the temperance meeting this evening there were twenty-eight present. A young lad testified that he had been a Christian and a teetotaler for five years and he could truthfully recommend both to them; a captain gave similar testimony; after several hymns and a prayer, nine men came to the table and signed. I gave them pledge cards. one said,—'I send this home to my wife, it will be the best present she has ever had from me, and one that will please her most.'

"*Thursday*.—Suffering from severe hoarseness and cough, I did not go afloat yesterday, but having intimated a service

for this evening I felt in a strait. However, on going out I saw that an old friend, Capt. W. of the *A*—, had arrived, so I went on board and he kindly consented to take the service for me to-night. On board a new arrival the mate said,—'You'll find a friend in our captain, he is a *proper* Christian,' and truly I did find him a humble child of God. He brought his crew with him to the 'Bethel' in the evening, as did also the captain of the *A*—, so with those we ourselves gathered; we had sixty-five to hear Captain W—'s stirring address on faith. Afterwards the captain of the *B*— spoke a few appropriate and earnest words about putting faith into practice: he then engaged very earnestly in prayer. No one could fail to notice this man's simple, practical faith in God's promises. It was nine o'clock ere we broke up and ten before I got home, tired in body but happy in spirit.

"*Sunday*.—Awoke this morning and found to my surprise that my voice had returned, so was able to preach to thirty-eight in the morning, and to seventy in the evening. That evening meeting is one long to be remembered. After my address Captain W— engaged very earnestly in prayer, then we had two minutes silent prayer during which all who desired to be specially mentioned in prayer held up their hands; twenty-one did so. I had great difficulty in commanding my voice while supplicating for them, my heart was too full, and when afterwards I asked the captain of the *B*— why he hadn't helped me, he said because he could not trust himself to speak. May God help those who testified their willingness to receive His son to rejoice soon in the possession of salvation! A young captain whose hand I had noticed raised among the twenty-one came home with me, and I had further opportunity of pressing the truth on him, I feel sure he will come out on the Lord's side.

"*Sunday*.—Had morning service on board the Cunard S. S. *Saragosso*, the captain read the Church of England service, and I followed with hymn, address, and prayer. The large saloon was quite full, as the very firemen cleaned themselves to come, and the officers and men of a Leyland Liner joined us at the 'Bethel'; the singing was splendid, the men from both Liverpool steamers being well acquainted with the hymns.

"*Christmas Day*.—Rev. Mr. Miller came this morning to preach his annual Christmas sermon, which he did to a full

'Bethel,' there being ninety present, sixty-five sailors and twenty-five friends from shore, all of whom seemed to enjoy the heart-stirring address from *Luke ii, 7*.

"*Saturday*.—One mate said to me to-day,—'You need not expect any of our men at the 'Bethel' to-morrow, for we are going to work, and the sailors will be employed washing the hold out ready to take in cargo.' 'But,' I said, 'can you compel them to do this?' 'No, we pay them extra for it, but if they refuse they know they will not be wanted another voyage. Why don't you ministers and missionaries get this Sunday work stopped? Then you may expect to do good, but not before.'

"*Friday*.—The weather having been so bad all the week I have been compelled to postpone my week-night services night after night in the hope of getting better weather; this morning gave promise of something better, so I started on my rounds. Had a hearty welcome from captain and officers of the Leyland Liner *T—*. The captain gave me free permission to take the men to the 'Bethel,' saying,—'I never have any trouble with my men in Genoa, they go to the 'Bethel,' and are on board again in good time.' Towards evening the weather changed, and crossing the harbor with twenty men in our open boat we were drenched through, yet not a murmur did I hear, and soon in the comfortable Reading-Room with a good fire we forgot all our troubles. I could scarcely get them away they were so happy, but the rain providentially ceasing I got them off dry, with many a hearty good-night.

"*Tuesday*.—Had fifty-two sailors to an open meeting at the 'Bethel' to-night. The Cornish men, of whom there were twelve present, formed a magnificent choir, most of them wore the Blue Ribbon, and two of them gave a temperance recitation. I spoke several times between the pieces, bearing upon the Gospel and Temperance, and fifteen came forward and signed the pledge. They were so unwilling to go when nine o'clock came, I had to insist as the *F—* is to sail to-night, and I had promised the captain that I would have his men on board in good time.

"*Thursday*.—Had a long conversation with the captain of a large steamer from Bombay, who said that he had only two English sailors on board, and one of them was the only one who had given him trouble on the voyage; went forward and saw the strange medley of men, and ar-

anged for an evening meeting in their fore-castle. When I did go, found them playing cards; a big rough German advised me to go to the cabin as this was no place for preaching. As he was only one of many, we quickly arranged ourselves and were joined by the firemen. I spoke of the Samaritan woman and soon saw that they were interested; after the service distributed tracts in many languages, even in Russian and Finnish. Before leaving every man came and thanked me for coming on board. But it was the big German himself who led me along the dark deck and, with a squeeze of the hand at parting, said, 'God bless you, sir!'

"*Sunday*.—Was sorry to find the *U—* busy discharging. One young officer with tally-book in hand, said,—'I wish I could be with you, but this is how our Sabbaths are generally spent, yet I can have my Lord with me even here, and I can pray for a blessing on your work.' Truly the Lord hath his hidden ones every where. Had thirty-five at the 'Bethel' in the morning. Many came at the instigation of a bluff old Scotchman, a boatswain, who said he 'would not miss that 'Bethel' for anything.' In the evening had seventy at the 'Bethel,' the same young fireman played the harmonium, and Captain *C—* engaged earnestly in prayer. It was ten o'clock before I left the 'Bethel,' tired and yet thankful for such an encouraging day.

"*Thursday*.—Was heartily greeted by a mate, who said,—'You won't remember me, but I know you well; when mate of a little schooner four years ago, we put in here in distress, and you knelt with us to thank God for preserving our lives. That prayer I have never forgotten.' There have been many such reminders to-day of meetings held and words spoken, long forgotten by me, but it is encouraging to know that they are remembered by those for whose good they were intended. Our Bible-Reading in the evening, with eighteen present, was very enjoyable. I often think there is more good done when there are few than when there are many, as one has them more under one's eye, and the men themselves are less reserved."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

Writing Aug. 29th, 1883, Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, chaplain, says:—"I have just returned from a pleasant trip to the is-

land of Hawaii, where I spent one week at Kohala, and another at Hilo. These are two most interesting points on that largest island of our group. I was accompanied by Mrs. DAMON, who had not visited Kohala since the summer of 1844, or thirty-nine years ago. During the summer of that year I traveled around that island, visiting during our journey, for the first time, the great crater of Kalauea. I recollect to have been especially interested, during that long-ago tour, because we followed nearly in the track of the 'Tour Around Hawaii,' made by the early missionaries, and published in a volume, by that name, which was a noted Sabbath-school book fifty and more years ago.

"Our special object in visiting Hawaii, this summer, was to be present at the dedication of a Chinese church, which had just been erected in the district of Kohala, under the superintendence of F. W. DAMON, who is laboring among the Chinese. The organization of the church of about 80 members, (including 20 females,) as well as the dedication of the church, was most successful. It was in the district where the Rev. E. BOND has labored for over forty years, and where he still resides, enjoying a fresh old age.

"From Kohala we took the steamer around the northern point of the island to Hilo, the former home of the Rev. TIRUS COAN, where now may be seen his fresh made grave. There we spent a week, still laboring in behalf of the Chinese, and there, I am happy to reflect, is the foundation of a new Chinese organization. At these central and gathering places we found Christian Chinese, many of whom come from among the converts to Christianity, gathered by the faithful and indefatigable labors of German missionaries in Hong Kong, China, and in the adjoining country. We are now enjoying the fruits of the labors of those noble servants of God in China, who have succeeded GUZTLAFF and others, now among the redeemed in glory. No labor in behalf of Christ is lost. Bread cast upon the waters returns after many days.

"Would that I could speak to the young men in the Theological Seminaries of America,—*'think seriously, think prayerfully, think in view of the judgment day, before concluding to spend your days in lands long Christianized, and where the hearers are gospel-hardened! Try new fields, push out in the un-*

explored regions of Asia and Africa! The field is the world!'

"In my rambles over the islands, I am continually meeting seamen whom I have known in former years, when attached to whale-ships and merchant vessels. It is exceedingly pleasant to be greeted by so many old friends, who welcome me with much satisfaction. Some of these I find settled down, and living correct and honorable lives, while others are mere wrecks of humanity. At one point I met one whom I had known as a rich, prosperous and respected merchant, but now, as he remarked,—*'a poor wreck of humanity.'* Not far away, I visited one whom I had known as an old whaling captain, but now about four score, yet rejoicing *'in a hope full of immortality.'* He is a member of the foreign church in his neighborhood, and, I was rejoiced to learn, much esteemed as a Christian man, *'quite on the verge of heaven.'* His brother church-members are exceedingly kind to him and see that he suffers not, for everything to make him comfortable, as his *'worldly goods'* have run low. I noted with pleasure that he was remembered in the prayers of the church and prayer-meeting, although absent through great infirmity.

"After an absence of eighteen days we returned early Sabbath morning, and at 11 a. m. I preached in my own pulpit."

South America.

PERU.

Rev. Dr. DAVID TRUMBULL of Valparaíso, S. A., was at Iquique, in the month of August and wrote us of the call there for Christian labor on behalf of sailors.

He said:—

"There are more than forty ships now at anchor, English and American mostly. Mr. PETRIE has got up a reading-room. Last evening we had service there in English. Eighty persons came, Americans and English, and were very much interested when I stated that I hoped that a man could be obtained to hold up Christ crucified in I. . . . This reading-room is a center to which many seafaring men come when they are on shore, especially on Sunday. It is under the care of an American. He fitted it up for service, last Sabbath evening, and kept the door, put up a notice and sought to have the people attend. He will do all in his power to assist. The work would be twofold, service

could be held among the ships and also on shore. Almost everybody has to do with shipping, here. It is, after Valpa-

raiso and Callao, the most important place on the coast, and is rapidly improving and growing."

At Ports in the United States.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

The *Times* of September 2nd, under the heading "Sailors' Home," prints the following:—

"This noble enterprise, under the auspices of the Charleston Port Society, has been thoroughly renovated and put in the very best order, and placed under the intelligent management of Mrs. S. C. CLARKE, as matron. Our seafaring friends cannot possibly find a more excellent place in the city for their comfort and enjoyment. The superintendence of this Home is happily managed by one of the most indefatigable ladies in our city. Great credit is due the Port Society for their noble efforts in behalf of the officers and seamen who visit Charleston."

Texas.

GALVESTON.

Rev. E. O. McINTIRE, chaplain, reports Sept. 5th, '83, an important movement on behalf of our work in G.,—saying:—

"We have determined to open Rooms in the M. E. Church which has just been built, and will be dedicated on the 23rd inst., for use as Free Reading Rooms, and for Gospel meetings during the week, for seamen. Many sailors are now coming here and the season will be fully open early in October. This arrangement is considered only temporary, as we have not given up our purpose to secure a permanent Bethel property nearer the wharf. This church is nine blocks from the wharf and is the best I can do.

"I am having some 'guide boards,'—large signs,—2 feet by 1½ feet, nicely painted, with location of Bethel church, and time of services, reading room, &c., which I will place in conspicuous places on the wharf; also will get cards printed, which the Harbor Master, Captain CHUBB, will assist me to put on every vessel as soon, or before they reach the wharf, telling seamen where we are, &c. I have a prospect of securing two lots for Bethel purposes through the beneficence of three or four rich men. The lots are valued at

\$10,000. However, I don't 'count chickens before the eggs hatch,' but I am sure something will turn up within six months. We will turn something up, by God's help. We thought we could not wait, and so we are going to work and will open the church as a Bethel, October 1st."

Oregon.

ASTORIA.

In *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., for September, we find the following record of his work at A., from the pen of Mr. J. McCORMAC:—

"Astoria, the chief port of entry for Oregon, is situated on the south bank of the Columbia River, about ten miles from the bar. It consists of Lower and Upper Astoria, the former containing about 2,500, and the latter 700 inhabitants. Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, at present completely controls its commerce, which consists chiefly in the exportation of wheat from the rich valleys of the Willamette and Columbia basins. Sometimes as many as twenty or thirty seagoing vessels are seen at its docks on their way to or from Portland, detained for lighterage, on account of insufficient water in the Willamette river. Very many of these ships are British—perhaps three-fourths. These, with their officers and crews for the most part very gladly welcome and second our missionary labors, their cabins, through the kindness of their officers, being nearly always at our disposal for Sunday services. We are indebted to many American captains also for like favors. These services are for the most part well attended, and from the most indubitable evidences, we are led to believe have been blessed to many. As specimens of these services, on last Sunday I preached to about sixty persons on board the *Jeannie Laudels*, an English ship—Capt. Douglas, master; and on the second Sunday previous I held service on the American ship *Highland Light*, Capt. Reynolds, master, about the same number being present, most of whom were sailors, longshoremen, or fishermen.

"One great difficulty with us is that

we have no Bethel Church building of our own. This, however, is partly remedied by the kindness of the Young Men's Christian Association, which allows us the use of their rooms for our Thursday and Saturday evening prayer-meetings. These meetings are tolerably well attended by men of the sea. We are indebted to many kind friends in Portland and Astoria for donations of tracts for gratuitous distribution. These we have scattered and continue to scatter daily among the ships and canneries—looking to Him for his blessing, who has said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, &c.' Any contributions of this kind sent to us by friends will be thankfully received, and may be sent with the full consciousness that *no place in the whole world needs them more than Astoria.* Such is the invariable testimony of all sea captains visiting our city. Ours indeed is 'darkness that may be felt.' The greatest difficulty we have to encounter in grappling with this darkness is the boarding-house master system. It is the grand aim of boarding-house masters and runners to keep their victims half-drunk all the time, so that they can manage them, and, of course, in that condition we can do little or nothing for them. Volumes might be written upon the wrongs perpetrated upon poor sailors by these bad men in this place. Sometimes to get the poor sailors into their dens, they tell them they are no boarding-house masters at all, and keep only ordinary boarding-houses. At other times they tell them they keep the Sailors' Home in Portland. About a dozen of them went out into the country, after some sailors that ran away from their dens, a few days ago, and without law or license seized them at their work, and brought them back by force, firing several shots and badly frightening the farmers' wives. This, however, was too much, even for Astoria authorities to bear, and they were taken up, and three of them sent to the penitentiary for three years. The rest have their trial put off till next term of court. By this we hope some check will be put to cheating and beating and pounding and shanghaiing sailors in this port. More than once while talking with sailors in the street have I been hailed by these men with the insolence, 'What are you talking to these sailors for? They belong to a house down town.' As though the house down town owned these sailors body and soul,—and no one must speak to them even to save their souls!

"These are some of the difficulties of mission-work amongst sailors in Astoria, and may serve to show how much we need a Bethel Church and Home here. Pressed by a consciousness of this need, chaplain STUBBS, of Portland, and myself have tried hard to urge the people to this work, but, I am sorry to say, with but little hope of immediate success. We have held a meeting in the Town Hall, urged the matter all we could; organized a branch of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, for Astoria, adopted a constitution, and appointed a Committee on Articles of Incorporation, to report at our next meeting; but when we came to the raising of funds, we found the matter to hang fire just where we had hoped it would have gone off best, namely, with those Christian people who had hitherto taken the greatest interest in the movement. I took round a subscription paper, and got over 350 dollars subscribed, one Christian brother, Mr. T. P. Powers, heading the list with 100 dollars; but when I came to the leaders of the movement they begged time on account of the pressure upon them just now for church building, and other benevolent enterprises, and so the matter stands. It cannot be denied, indeed, that the few church people in Astoria have been very much pressed in this way lately, having just finished two churches,—the Methodist and the Presbyterian, and that for the most part this town is rich only in hopes. Our fisheries are our grand resource. Despite all opposition these are bringing us into prominence, and will continue to do so as long as Columbia river salmon—which are becoming world renowned—are caught in such vast numbers at Astoria. We have about 250 canneries here, which will employ about 5,000 men this season. Of these men one-third, perhaps, are Chinamen, who do the inside work of washing, boiling, and canning the fish; the other two-thirds being 'men of all nations under heaven,' the Scandinavian element largely predominating. Nearly two-thirds of all the canneries now belong to Scandinavians."

Loan Library Work.

FROM NORTHFIELD, MASS.

A teacher at Mt. Hermon School (Mr. D. L. Moody's "Institution" at N.,) writes us, Sept. 5th:—

"I enclose \$20, the gift of our Mission-

ary Society (not a S. S. organization). Is it customary to name the libraries? If so, I would suggest that this be called for the Society, either *Northfield Boy's Library*, or *Mt. Hermon Library*.

"I can assure you that many earnest prayers have accompanied the different contributions, and I sincerely hope and trust that God's richest blessing may rest upon the books, that they may be used of Him in doing much good. You may be interested to know that some of the boys who belong to this Society are only eight and nine years old, one of them a little Greek boy who is being educated in Northfield by the Woman's Board of the Pacific. Another little boy, Stevie Collins, is an orphan boy whose father and grand-father were both lost in the Life Saving Service off the coast of Massachusetts several years ago.

"You know it is natural for boys to be interested in anything which pertains to sailor's life, and it seems delightful to have them interested in their eternal welfare. When you acknowledge receipt of the money to me, we should be glad to have you write a letter which could be read in our Missionary meeting to be held the first of October. I don't know what will be decided about another year's gifts, but should be glad if our Society and the members of the school would give a library in this way every year. I believe it would be a blessing to all who shared in it."

FROM THE "YAMOYDEN."

BALTIMORE, Md., June 8th, '83.

"The Library, No. 7,671,* has made the voyage to Rio de Janeiro, on the bark *Yamoyden*. The books were well read, and I shall keep it for another voyage.

Respectfully yours,

E. H. TOBEY, *Master*."

A SEAMAN'S ENDORSEMENT.

On the fly-leaf of Rev. E. HAWES' "Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of Character," which was a volume in Loan Library No. 4,365 that came from sea into our New York Rooms in the month of September, was written as follows:—

"A very good book; a very good guide; very

good advice; it is as true as that you are born to die. Death is certain. Heaven or hell is to all a certainty."

FOUR YEARS' SERVICE.

Writing Sept. 19th, in New York, Capt. CHISHAM says:—"This Library, No. 4,467,* has been on board my schooner, the *Mauna Loa*, for four years, and has been read thoroughly by all the crew and officers. It has had a good influence; has promoted the comfort and good conscience of all hands.

Yours truly, W. H. C."

The captain applied for another library as he is bound to the Western Islands.

Some of the Work Done by the Signal Service Coast Telegraph.

The New York *Maritime Register* describes the Signal Service sea-coast telegraph line. The wires begin at Thatcher's Island, in Massachusetts, and end at Smithville, North Carolina. It was difficult to construct the lines, and it is difficult to maintain them. The numerous cables are frequently chafed and broken, and the land wires are often brought down by the washing of the sand in which the poles are set.

The lines are largely used for meteorological work, but they have other uses. "Vessels of all nations have been aided by this service in obtaining timely assistance when ashore or in distress, and marine underwriters have largely profited by its timely reports of vessels with valuable cargoes being ashore, and which could not have been saved had these lines not been in existence. A case in point occurred about two years ago, when an insurance company in Philadelphia had \$100,000 insurance on a vessel and her cargo of sugar. The vessel went ashore near Ocean City, Maryland, on the eve of a northeast gale. She was reported as ashore by the Signal Service observer at that point, late in the afternoon. The news was immediately communicated to the wrecking tugs at the Delaware Break-

* Contributed by Miss A. H. Bolton, Hartford, Conn.

* Contributed by Rev. G. C. Sewall, Cayuga, N. Y.

water; they proceeded to the vessel, and she was hauled off and taken into a safe harbor before 11 o'clock the same night. It is certain that had the vessel remained on the reef over night, the northeast gale which prevailed after midnight would have made a total wreck of her, and the entire cargo would have been lost. Before the lines were built it was not an unusual occurrence, even in fair weather and during daylight, for some shipmasters to run their vessels ashore for the purpose of defrauding the underwriters, knowing that there were no persons or records to testify against them. To-day, however, that sort of rascality is seldom heard of, at least between Sandy Hook and Smithville, N. C.

"Vessels often arrive in sight of signal stations on the coast, set their international signals, and obtain answers at once concerning the probable condition of the weather direct from Washington by the sea-coast line. It often happens that when cables are out of order wreck messages are 'flagged' across inlets by the signal flags, which are read rapidly by these thoroughly drilled Signal Service men. Signal men with kit on back often go aboard vessels, leaving a comrade on shore to receive the message 'flagged' back. The wig-wag begins, and before the master is aware of it his message is in the hands of the signal man on the beach, who by this time has tapped the telegraph wire, attached his instrument, and in a few minutes the message is in the hands of news agents, ship-owners, underwriters, and friends.

"The Signal Service and Life Saving Service are in hearty coöperation, and the wires of the sea-coast line connect direct with the office of the General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service in Washington. Through this line crews from different Life Saving Stations are quickly summoned together in case of necessity. Strikes are not known on the sea-coast line, the operators being enlisted men, and subject to the articles of war governing the Signal Corps."

A Happy Milestone.

The few words from the *Congregationalist* of Sept. 19th, which follow, refer to an occasion, which, as private advices have assured us, was full of satisfaction to all who participated in it. We hope to print, at least, the letter sent to the worthy President and his equally worthy helpmeet,—in a future issue of the *MAGAZINE*.

"Mr. and Mrs. R. P. BUCK, of Dr. R. S. STORRS' church in Brooklyn, N. Y., celebrated their golden wedding at their summer residence in Bucksport, Me., Sept. 3rd. Among the many letters of congratulation was one from Mr. B.'s associates in the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of which he is president. His extensive connection with shipping gives him a peculiar fitness for such a position."

Obituary.

CAPT. JOHN U. BROWN.

On Friday, Aug. 3rd, 1883, in the 75th year of his age, this good man passed away from earth, in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was stricken with apoplexy July 23rd, and only the resisting power of a physical system long controlled by temperance and wisdom made possible this long endurance of disease. His twelve whaling voyages, in the last six of which he was master of his ship, were made from the port of New London, Conn., between the years 1823 and 1857. The years 1858-9 and 1860 he passed in the Pacific Ocean as master of the A. B. C. F. M.'s missionary packet *Morning Star*, with headquarters at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. In 1861 he held a commission in the U. S. Navy, and was assigned to duty as an acting master on board the U. S. sloop-of-war *Marion*, one of the Gulf blockading squadron. In 1862 he was temporarily employed as master of the bark *Mus-tang*, of Mystic, Conn., laden with Army stores, visiting Fortress Monroe, Alexandria and Baltimore. This was the last vessel he commanded. The closing six years of Capt. Brown's most useful life were passed in the Custom House at New London, Conn., and in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., in this city. We knew him as a genial, Christian man, with the freshness of youth plainly evident in his last days, full of zeal and unsparing of effort for the good of seamen.

Information Wanted.

WOOSTER, Ohio, Sept. 5th, '83.

My son, EUGENE B. FARIS, a young man of eighteen, left his home nearly two years ago, and we have not heard from him since. We have thought he might have gone to sea, as he had a fancy for a sea voyage. Any information in regard to him will be thankfully received by

Mrs. S. C. FARIS.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of copies of the report of the operations of the United States Life Saving Service, for the year ending June 30th, 1882, from Hon. S. I. KIMBALL, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

AUGUST, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 107
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,254
of which \$1,613 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$616 was returned to depositors.

Planets for October, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star until the evening of the 6th at 8 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is a morning star during the remainder of the month; is twice in conjunction with the Moon, the first time on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 48m., being 2° 5' south, and then again on the forenoon of the 29th, at 9h. 45m., being now 3° 22' north; is in conjunction with Venus at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 4th, being 4° 12' south; is stationary among the stars in Virgo at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 16th; is at its greatest elongation at 10 o'clock on the forenoon of the 22nd, being 18° 22' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 25th, when it rises at 4h. 52m., and south of east 4° 37'.

VENUS is an evening star, setting very shortly after the Sun during the whole of this month; is twice in conjunction with the Moon, the 1st time on the forenoon of the 1st at 16h. 7m., being 3° 19' north, and then again on the afternoon of the 21st at 5h. 53m., being 1° 13' south.

MARS is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 37m. before midnight, and 29° 59' north of east; is in conjunction with Jupiter at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th, being 59' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23rd at 3h. 59m., being 6° 49' north; is in quadrature with the Sun at midnight on the 31st.

JUPITER is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 18m. past midnight, and 27° 14' north of east; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23rd at 4h. 7m., being 5° 45' north; is in quadrature with the Sun at noon on the 27th.

SATURN is due south on the morning of the 1st at 3h. 56m., being 20° 1' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 19th at 4h. 23m., being 1° 18'

north: at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 47° and 70° south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for August, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. S. S., for lib'y.....	\$ 20 00
Antrim, residuary legacy of Miss Eveline P. Boyd, deceased, late of Antrim, N. H., per Jas. W. Perkins, executor.....	588 24
Gilsum, Cong. church.....	2 35
Pittsfield, Cong. ch., \$20 for lib'y.....	28 82
Rindge.....	1 05
West Concord, Cong. church.....	10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury & Salisbury, Union Cong. church.....	4 17
Ashfield, Cong. church.....	12 68
Berkley, Cong. church.....	5 50
Boston, anonymous, in memory of little Hattie.....	10 00
Schr. B. H. Townsend, Capt. Turnell.....	2 00
Schr. Fannie Kiney, Capt. Wolf.....	1 00
Barkentine Ralph M. Haywood, Capt. Baxter.....	1 00
Curtisville, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	29 00
Dalton, Cong. church.....	11 57
Dedham, Allen Evangelical ch.....	72 30
Gloucester, Cong. church.....	7 40
Medfield, Rev. G. H. Pratt.....	2 25
Newbury, 1st Church and Society.....	31 70
Norfolk, Cong. church.....	5 30
Northfield, Cong. church.....	10 60
Pittsfield, Cong. ch., \$20 for lib'y.....	40 79
Rutland, Cong. church.....	6 59
South Weymouth, Union church.....	12 60
West Attleboro, 1st Cong. ch. and S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	40 50
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CONNECTICUT.

Canton Centre, Cong. ch. S. S.....	8 00
Meriden, Centre Cong. church.....	25 00
New London, Trust Estate of Henry P. Haven, of New London, Conn., per Henry R. Bond, trustee.....	250 00
Norwich, Mrs. L. F. S. Foster, for a loan lib'y in memory of her sister Mrs. Charles Mason, formerly of Boston, Mass.....	20 00
Plantsville, Cong. church.....	28 36
Saybrook, Cong. church.....	8 49
Thomaston, Cong. church.....	20 09
Westbrook, Elihu Chapman.....	20 00
Wolcott, Cong. church.....	3 34

NEW YORK.

East New York, Ref. church.....	12 00
Edgewater, 1st Pres. church.....	29 64
Huntington, 1st Pres. ch., for loan lib'y.....	100 00
Kinderhook, Ref. church.....	61 01
New Village, Cong. church.....	3 75

NEW JERSEY.

Asbury Park, S. T. Gordon, for lib'y.....	20 00
Bloomfield, 1st Pres. church.....	60 81
Franklin Park, Ref. church.....	19 40
Newark, Miss E. U. Campfield, for library.....	20 00
Parsippany, Pres. church.....	3 00

\$1,685 30



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days"—Ecc. II: 1.

From The Youth's Companion.

Sailor Boys in the Navy.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

Concluded from last Life Boat.

Just from the Country.

At the end of the line stood a boy of fine physique, but round-shouldered and slouchy in dress, evidently from the country. From the moment of arriving on board he had gazed about him with a bewildered expression.

Everything was so new and strange—the spotless deck, the polished guns, the bright canopy rails over the hatchways, the binnacles, and wheel, and huge capstan, the dense crowd of boys forward of the mainmast, the officers in glittering uniform abaft it,—so many things the uses of which he could not comprehend, that when the executive officer spoke to this ungainly lad, and asked him where he came from, he stared at him in a stupid way, and replied mechanically that he came from Maine.

"Well, wake up! Stand up straight. Take your hands out of your pockets and put them down at your sides. There, now, what have you been doing?"

"Farmin'."

"Did you ever see a ship before?"

"No, sir, I never seed a ship before, 'cept a skeow that"—

"Never mind about the scow. Did any boy ever give you a good licking?"

The boy opened his eyes with astonishment, and said, with a significant tone, "I reckon not."

The officer smiled and put one final question, "Do you really want to be a sailor?"

"Yaas, sir."

"Well, I'll give you a chance. Messenger, take this boy down to the captain's office."

Ambitious.

"What do you come here for?" the officer next inquired of a pompous-looking little fellow who seemed to want an opportunity to speak.

"To learn to be a sailor, and get to be an officer," the boy replied promptly.

"We can do the first for you; we cannot do the second. You have a wrong idea. This ship is to train boys to become sailors. The Naval Academy at Annapolis is the place where boys are trained as officers."

"But, sir, can't a sailor become an officer?"

"No, not a commissioned officer. You

can rise to be a petty officer, a sort of foreman among sailors, and there are a few chances to become warrant officers;—that is, a boatswain, or gunner, or sail-maker, or carpenter. These are officers, but not commissioned officers."

The boy whose sole ambition was to wear a sword and strut in epaulets fell out of the line, and walked, with a dejected look, to the gangway.

"What are you working your jaws for?" inquired the officer sternly, stopping in front of a stunted little fellow, a street *gamin* from the neighboring city.

"Chewin', sir," was the timid reply.

"How dare you bring tobacco on board this ship, where not a boy is allowed to use it? Go to the spit-kid, yonder, and empty your mouth, and then I will talk to you."

The Widow's Son.

Almost the last boy to be questioned was the one who has been before alluded to,—the lad who came with his mother.

"What have you been doing?"

"Going to school, sir."

"What books have you been reading lately?"

"A variety, sir; among them the stories of Cooper and Marryatt."

"I thought so. I am afraid your notions are too romantic to suit the life on board this ship. How would you relish chewing hard-tack with those fine teeth of yours, and putting those lily fingers into a tar-bucket?"

"You can try me, sir," the boy replied, modestly but firmly.

"Very well; you can go to the captain's office on the deck below."

His Examination.

The boy found his way to the captain's office. Here the clerk put to him several questions, as to age, place of residence, parents, previous occupation, motive in coming to the ship, etc., all of which having been answered satisfactorily, an order was made out to the surgeon to examine him as to his physical fitness for

the service, and he was conducted by the orderly to a place screened off on the gun deck.

The surgeon bade him strip naked, and then proceeded to search his whole body for any mal-formation or defect. All of which was noted on a blank prepared for the purpose, which blank was sent to the captain's office with the result of the examination.

Having passed the surgeon, the boy was sent to the "school-room," on the berth deck,—a steerage fitted up as a library,—where a board of officers inquired into his mental and moral qualifications, and his aptitude for the service.

He was directed to read aloud from a book handed to him; to write a sentence; to perform examples in arithmetic; and to reply to a series of questions such as any bright, intelligent boy could readily answer. Inquiries were made as to his moral training and habits, how and where he spent his evenings, his religious preferences, etc.

Some explanation was then made of the general character of life on board ship, the discipline, the restraints, the length of service, etc., and the question was put to him whether he was willing to accept these conditions.

On replying in the affirmative, he was put to one final test—to see whether he could go aloft without being dizzy. He was taken to the upper deck, and required to climb into the rigging, and go over the mast head, and come down on the other side.

This the boy found no difficulty in doing, and was accordingly pronounced to have passed the entrance examinations and to be ready for the formality of enlistment. After a brief talk with the captain, he was permitted to go ashore with his mother on condition that he would return the next day, sign the shipping articles, and enter upon his new duties.

What Boys May Enter the Navy.

It will be seen from the above descrip-

tion that none but boys of sound physical health, good morals and fair intelligence, are wanted in the naval service. The government permits the enlistment of seven hundred and fifty boys annually, and undertakes to train them, by the aid of officers carefully picked for the purpose, in practical seamanship, gunnery, and the elements of an English education, the intention being to drive out of the service the foreign and vicious elements, and man the navy with trained and disciplined sailors of American birth.

Nearly one-half of the seven thousand five hundred seamen at present allowed by law are graduates of our training-ships; and these, by reason of their superior training, have been advanced, in their minority even, to the ratings of petty officers.

Without doubt, many of these youth, on being discharged at the age of twenty-one, will enter the merchant service; but it is hoped that the great body of them will choose the navy as their permanent home, and thereby so elevate the tone and character of the service as to make the uniform of the American sailor a badge of distinction and honor.

Johnnie and the Crab.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

Johnnie was lying with his head over the stern of the boat, looking down into the water. He was in no very good humor either, and the reflection of his face on the surface of the creek was a very wrinkled one.

"I don't care," he muttered. "I think mamma might let me take just a little row. It's just as safe as— There's a crab! I wonder if it is a soft one?" he added, interrupting himself. "I'd poke my finger down and see, only if he was hard he'd bite me." And Johnnie leaned further over the stern of the boat, trying to see what the crab was about, till, splash! he went over into the water.

For a moment he was frightened, but

soon recovered his self-possession, as the crab remarked, rather crossly, "Do you always make your entrance into company that way?" Johnnie declared he was very sorry, and the crab, somewhat softer, growled, "I s'pose it's all right, but you nearly tumbled on me, and spattered my mouth full of mud."

"I was trying to see if you were soft."

"Oho!" laughed the crab. "And you thought you'd fall on me to find out." And the crab laughed as if he thought it a great joke. Finally he calmed himself, and continued, "No, I ain't soft, but I'm a shedder. Now under here," he continued, lifting a piece of sea-weed, is a real softie."

"What does he stay under the sea-weed for?"

"On account of the men. Partly because of the toad-fish, and partly because of eels, but mostly on account of the men," replied the crab. •

"Do the toad-fish bother you much?"

"Awful!" replied the crab, solemnly—"awful! Why, you see, a good-sized toad-fish could swallow me whole. Then the eels bite one's legs off and nibble pieces off of us, so that ain't pleasant."

"I should think not," said Johnnie.

"Now there comes a toad-fish," continued the crab. "He knows I'm hard, and he don't see you." And with a lazy flirt of his speckled tail, the toad-fish vanished round the corner of the dock.

Johnnie breathed freer as the ugly-looking creature disappeared, and proceeded once more to question the crab.

"How do you shed?" he inquired.

"Well, you've just come in good time to see," answered the crab, good-naturedly, "for I'm just going to shed."

So saying he chose a clear space in the mud, and commenced to wave his claws to and fro; suddenly he stopped.

"Come here," he said; then added, as Johnnie approached, "You see, the back seam is split all the way along?"

"Yes," replied Johnnie.

"And the two side seams?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the crab, "with the exception of those two small cracks in my claws, these are the only splits in my shell, and I shall crawl out of the back seam." And he commenced waving his claws, and moving first one way and then the other. The crack along his back grew wider, and the soft shell underneath could be plainly seen. Soon he was half-way out of the old shell, and finally, after great efforts, he slid out completely, and the old shell and the perfect crab lay side by side. For the moment Johnnie could hardly tell which was which, but a wink from his old friend soon showed him.

"Now," said the crab, "you see I'm as soft as can be. Put your finger on me gently, and feel." Johnnie did so, and found that the crab's skin was as soft as his own. "I think I'll go to sleep for a while now. Yqu had better run up to your mother; but before you go just pull up that piece of sea-weed over me."

Johnnie did as he was told, and suddenly found himself in the boat with his neck very stiff from having hung over the stern so long. When he told his mother about it, she laughed, and said, "You must have dreamed it." But Johnnie says that he was sure that he saw the crab wink at him as he left the boat, and certain it is that Johnnie won't eat crabs any more for fear of making a meal off his friend.

Boys, Read and Heed This.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business,—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us

see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Chris. Helper.*

Conveniently.

A lady went into one of the large stores in Boston, where there are a number of young girls who act as saleswomen, and asked to look at a boy's hat. Not being quite sure what size she needed she said, after looking at several:—

"I will look at a number six and five-eighths, if you can find one conveniently," thinking the girl might have to search through a large pile of them, and regretting the trouble it was causing.

The face of the young girl brightened as she said, with real gratitude, but with a pathetic tone:—

"No one ever says to us, 'If you can find one conveniently.'"

Alas, that we forget to be polite! We say he or she is hired to wait on customers, and we do not say "Thank you," or act as though we appreciated anything done for us. That person makes many friends who goes through life with a smile and a kind word.—*Congregationalist.*

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

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U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1883.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

JUNE, 1883.

During June, 1883, forty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,732-7,760, inclusive, at New York; —with Nos. 7,853, 7,856-7,867, inclusive, and Nos. 7,869-70, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7732	Mrs. R. P. Buck, and Miss Buck, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Schr. Martinique	Cuba	9
7733	Estate of E. W. Fletcher, Whitinsville, Mass.	Ship Wm. A. Campbell	San Francisco	24
7734	" " " "	" Luzon	Shanghae	23
7735	" " " "	" Clarissa B. Carver	Yokohama	26
7736	" " " "	" Loretta Fish	"	28
7737	" " " "	" Monarch	Calcutta	20
7738	Miss A. H. Sutton, Tecumseh, Mich.	" Wm. H. Smith	San Francisco	30
7739	Estate of E. W. Fletcher, Whitinsville, Mass.	" Tam O'Shanter	" "	25
7740	" " " "	" Harvey Mills	" "	30
7741	Mrs. P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass.	Schr. Herald	Cienfuegos	8
7742	M. L. S., New York City	Ship Marcia C. Day	London	18
7743	A Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" Annie M. Snull	Java	22
7744	Mrs. A. C. Brown, New York City	Bark Bonny Doon	Montevideo	10
7745	S. S. Madison Ave. Ref. ch., Albany, N. Y.	Ship M. P. Grace	San Francisco	30
7746	Mrs. Henry L. Chase, Kingston, Mass. for <i>The Charlotte M. Sever Memoria Library</i>	" E. J. Sawyer	" "	30

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7747..	Bethel Mission School Newburg, N. Y., for <i>The Rankin Library</i>	Ship Alert	Melbourne.....	24
7748..	Mrs. P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass..	" Iceberg	Japan.....	23
7749..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Landseer.....	San Francisco.....	28
7750..	Young Ladies of 4th Pres. ch., New York City, for <i>Silver Link Band Library</i>	" Rosa Welt.....	" " " " " "	20
7751..	Young Ladies of 4th Pres. ch., New York City, for <i>Rev. Dr. Spaulding Library</i> ..	" San Joaquin.....	Bombay.....	25
7752..	S. S. Cong. ch., North Haven, Conn....	Bark Rambler.....	Shanghai.....	20
7753..	Mrs. P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass..	Str. America.....	Baracoa.....	21
7754..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Brig Havilah.....	Rio de Janeiro....	12
7755..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Bark Skobeloff	Montevideo.....	14
7756..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Jessie McGregor..	Rosario.....	14
7757..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Annapolis.....	Japan.....	17
7758..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Ship Rembrandt.....	Bombay.....	20
7759..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Timour.....	Japan.....	14
7760..	Mrs. Maria Brooks, Churchville, N. Y..	Bark Oasis.....	Java.....	15
7761..	Mrs. C. A. Spaulding, Boston, Mass....	" Canton.....	Whaling.....	30
7762..	Sewall Association, Lowell, Mass.....	Steamship Dominion...	Nova Scotia.....	15
7763..	Rev. John and Mrs. Wood, Fitchburg, Mass.....	Schr. W. E. W. Tuck....	Baltimore.....	9
7764..	Mrs. C. E. Blood, Groton, Mass.....	" D. S. Fell.....	Windsor, N. S.....	8
7765..	H. G. Ludlow, Troy, N. Y.....	Bark Alice Knowles....	Whaling.....	30
7766..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Brig Abbie Clifford.....	Cardenas.....	9
7767..	Miss C. L. Swift's S. S. class, Andover, Mass.....	Bark Nellie M. Slade....	Australia.....	10
7768..	Cong. S. S., West Taunton, Mass.....	" Clara McGilvrey....	New Zealand.....	10
7769..	First ch., Cambridge, Mass.....	" Cremonia.....	W. Africa.....	10
7770..	Cong. ch., Wilton, N. H.....	" Palo Alto.....	Aspinwall.....	10
7771..	First ch., Cambridge, Mass.; Our Boys Mission Club.....	Steamship Longfellow..	Coasting.....	16
7772..	First ch., Cambridge, Mass.....	Bark A. R. Tucker.....	Whaling.....	25
7773..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" B. W. Webster.....	E. London. Africa..	—
7774..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Neversink.....	Valparaiso.....	10
7775..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Schr. Frank Walters ..	Baltimore.....	8

JULY, 1883.

During July, 1883, thirteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,761-66, inclusive, and Nos. 7,768-70, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,871, 7,873, 7,874 and 7,879, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7761..	Mrs. C. H. Ramsey, New York City....	Ship Ice King.....	Portland, Oregon..	26
7762..	Mission S. S., Sing Sing, N. Y.....	" Pactolus.....	Japan.....	21
7763..	Broadway Cong. S. S., Taunton, Mass..	Bark Chalmette.....	Java.....	17
7764..	C. E. Nott, Bristol, Conn.....	" Jennie Harkness....	Japan.....	17
7765..	Miss H. C. Leete, Guilford, Conn.....	" Wakefield.....	Dunedin and Little- ton.....	17
7766..	Miss E. W. Campfield, Newark, N. J ..	" Samuel D. Carlton.	Singapore.....	17
7768..	S. S. 1st Pres. ch. Peekskill, N. Y.	" Clotilde.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
7769..	Westfield Cong. ch. and congregation, Danielsonville, Conn.....	" John Bunyan.....	Mediterranean....	12
7770..	R. B. Tomlinson, Morristown, N. J ..	" Thames.....	Sydney.....	13
7771..	1st church, Cambridge, Mass.....	" Great Surgeon.....	Chincha Islands...	14

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7873..	Gertrude Ayer Library, Concord, N. H.	Ship Dauntless.....	East London.....	19
7874..	2nd Cong. ch., South Weymouth, Mass.	Bark Napoleon.....	Arctic Ocean.....	30
7879..	Hubert Wilder, Winchester, Mass.....	Ship City of Boston.....	Australia.....	18

AUGUST, 1883.

During August, 1883, twenty new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,767 and 7,771-83, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,875-78, inclusive, with Nos. 7,780 and 7,781, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7767..	Cong. ch., Curtissville, Mass.....	Ship Ellen Goodspeed...	San Francisco.....	28
7771..	S. T. Gordon, New York City.....	Bark J. H. Ingersoll.....	Cape Town.....	12
7772..	1st Pres. ch., Huntington, L. I.....	Ship Merom.....	Portland, Oregon..	20
7773..	" " " ".....	Brig Leonora.....	Valparaiso.....	12
7774..	" " " ".....	Bark Mary A. Greenwood	Adelaide.....	12
7775..	" " " ".....	" Beatrice Havener..	Melbourne.....	11
7776..	" " " ".....	" Lillian Vigus.....	London.....	15
7777..	Mrs. L. F. S. Foster, Norwich, Conn., in memoriam Mrs. Charles Mason, Bos- ton, Mass.....	" Anna Walsh.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
7778..	Class No. 17, S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Nor- wich, Conn.....	" Coryphene.....	Java.....	12
7780..	Miss S. W. Boswell, West Hartford, Conn.....	" Herbert Black.....	Sydney.....	12
7781..	S. S. Beneficent Cong. ch., Providence, R. I.....	" Carrie L. Tyler. ...	Cape Town.....	11
7782..	Mt. Hermon Missionary Society, North- field, Mass., for Northfield Boys' Li- brary.....	Ship Wm. H. Starbuck..	New Tacoma, W.T.	26
7875..	Estate of J. K. Chase, Lowell, Mass....	Brig C. E. Pickering....	Charleston, S. C....	8
7876..	Wheaton Female Seminary, Norton, Mass.....	" Mary Gibbs.....	W. Indies.....	10
7877..	Estate of J. K. Chase, Lowell, Mass....	Bark Taria Tapan.....	Zanzibar.....	12
7878..	1st Cong. ch. and Society, Attleboro, Mass.....	" Townsend.....	Baltimore.....	9
7880..	Cong. ch., Pittsfield, N. H.....	" Mars.....	Pacific Ocean.....	32
7881..	S. S. Cong. ch., Amherst, N. H.....	Ship Independence.....	Australia.....	16

During August, 1883, thirty-four loan libraries, previously sent out, were re-shipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 2,936,	No. 5,131,	No. 5,950,	No. 6,666,	No. 7,013,	No. 7,167,	No. 7,243,	No. 7,325,	No. 7,642,
" 4,859,	" 5,151,	" 6,153,	" 6,800,	" 7,064,	" 7,193,	" 7,251,	" 7,418,	" 7,682.
" 4,866,	" 5,778,	" 6,484,	" 6,942,	" 7,074,	" 7,197,	" 7,317,	" 7,485,	
" 5,118,	" 5,869,	" 6,522,	" 6,958,	" 7,101,	" 7,215,	" 7,321,	" 7,531,	

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in June, 1883—44</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in June, 1883—41</i>
" " July, " —13	" " July, " —24
" " August, " —20	" " August, " —34
77	109

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sunday-schools, but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-school contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-four years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made and notice thereof sent to the donor.